

HEARD AND SEEN : A Column FROM and FOR Everybody : By BILL PRICE

DON'T GIVE UP.

If SUCCESS you would attain,
Don't give up.
Work with all your might and
main,
Don't give up.
When misfortune does beset you,
WORK, though it will try not let
you.
And in time it will forget you.
Don't give up.

If things do not come your way,
Don't give up.
There will dawn a brighter day.
Don't give up.
Just keep right on persevering.
Your reward is ever nearing.
For the clouds are disappearing.
Don't give up.

If the task does seem too great,
Don't give up.
Learn to bear a little weight,
Don't give up.
That which is worth while has
never
Been so easy; but has ever,
Called for long, intense endeavor,
Don't give up.

If you fail to reach your goal,
Don't give up.
Start again with heart and soul,
Don't give up.
Always be too strong for worry.
Don't go through life in a hurry,
Soon enough we cross the ferry,
Don't give up.

If they say, "It can't be done"
Don't give up.
It is not your lot to shun,
Don't give up.
But with confidence go to it,
And you never once will rue it,
For the best in you will do it,
Don't give up.

So throughout your span of life,
Don't give up.
Through all pleasure, pain and
strife,
Don't give up.
Promise yourself and don't break
it.
That your work you'll undertake
it.

For life is just what you make it.
Don't give up.
PERCY W. GREENE.

A LESSON IN MATRIMONY.
I do not care for Venus De Milo,
Or for that woman of perfect
eyes;
But I'll always worship the
woman
Who bakes good apple pies.
SATISFIED HUSBAND.

HOW COME?
We still see movies of northwest-
ern life, with the same old dance
halls, "Red Dog" saloons, "rain-
deer" buffets, etc. Are the pictures
several years old or do they pay
no attention to Mr. Volstead's law?
JULES BACKENHEIMER.

TRYING TO BECOME FRIENDLY.

Little girl, leaning over back of
seat attempting to strike up an
acquaintance with deaf old lady
passenger on train:

"I have a red coat with pockets
in it."
"My mother wears glasses."
"I have a dog with fleas and a
thermos bottle."
"My daddy tickles me on the
front porch."
"He gave me a dollar."
"Do you wear pink bloomers?"
"I have a pair."
"Oh, dear, why don't you have
your mother wash out your ears
in the morning, then you could
hear what I'm saying!"

I. B. WARREN.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

A man of ready wit is Captain
Gordon, who, in company with his
charming wife, Lady Gordon, has
just started out on a big game
shooting expedition in British East
Africa.

One day he was complaining to a
friend in Nairobi that one of his
black "boys" had stolen a coat be-
longing to him, adding that he was
going to have him punished.
"You shouldn't do that," said his
friend, jokingly. "You know that
the Bible says: 'If a man take away
thy coat, let him have thy cloak
also.'"

"Well," drawled Gordon, "I
wouldn't go quite so far as that.
But the other day I caught my
boy stealing my potatoes, and
I gave him the sack."

HIS NAME.

She ransacked every novel,
And the dictionary, too,
But nothing ever printed
For her baby's name would do.
She hunted appellations
From the present and the past,
And this is what she named him
When they christened him at last:

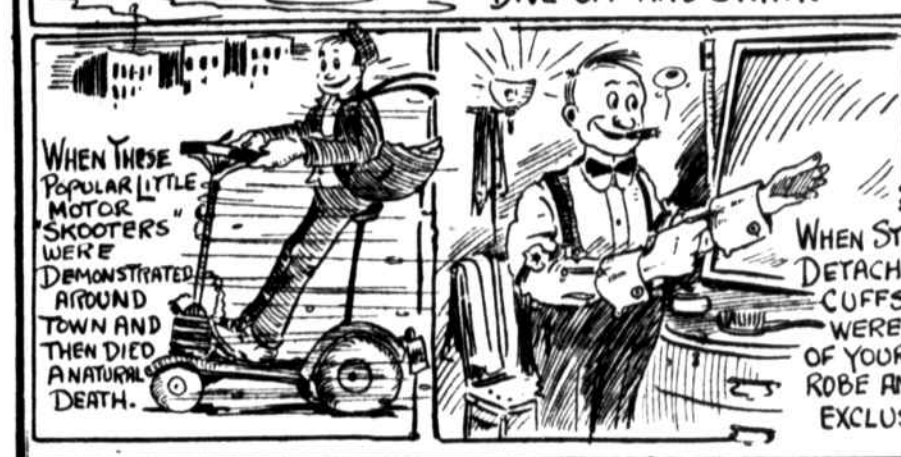
Julian Harold Ebert
Ulysses Victor Paul
Algonquin Marcus Cecil
Sylvester George McFall.
But after all the trouble
She'd taken for his sake,
His father called him "Fatty,"
His schoolmates called him
"Jake."
CICERO.

There was a young fellow from
Thistlehurst,
Whose Ford wouldn't crank till he'd
whipped the tire.
One fine day in June,
He forgot the old tune
(To be ra-ra-ra) and his engine
burst.
FIRST OFFENCE.

WHO REMEMBERS?



WHEN THE ICE-BOATS USED
TO HAULICE TO THE FOOT OF
THIRD STREET AND THE "CAP"
USED TO LET THE GANG
DIVE OFF AND SWIM.



THREE CHEERING WORDS.

Three words—and all the roses
bloom,
And the sun begins to shine.
Three words will dissipate the
gloom,
And water turns to wine.
Three words will cheer the saddest
day.
"I love you." Wrong, by heck!
It's another still sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed find check."
FLORENCE HOAGLAND.

IT'S THE SAME ALL OVER WASHINGTON

Many new-comers up my way
Have taken to reading The Times
each day.
And freely and willingly say
They hope the G. O. C. will always
stay.
H. SMITH.

NOT ALL THE TIME.

A mother had quite by chance
seen her daughter in a large motor
car with a young friend of the
family. She was very nervous of
reckless driving, and said to her
daughter: "Does Mr. Prince always
drive with one hand, dear?"
The daughter blushed.
"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes
we have a quarrel."

By Dick Mansfield



WHEN THE OLD SEA-GOING NIGHT-LINERS USED TO
PLY UP AND DOWN PENNA. AVENUE AND PICK UP
THE STRAGGLERS, DRIVE 'EM ALL AROUND TOWN
UNTIL THEY COOLED OFF.



THE CLUB BORE.

"I've been grossly insulted,"
said the club bore to the secretary
one day. "Just now, during lunch,
that young man over there said in
his beautifully drawn, 'Look here, sir,
I'll give you \$50 if you'll resign
from this club.' All the members
there heard him. Now what ought
I to do about it?"
"Hold on for a better offer,"
said the secretary.

"Put your feet in our hands,"
said the shoe store ad.
"You can do it if you want to."
said hubby, "but I'll not nod."
JINGLE JIM.

GETTING MEN TO PROPOSE.

Dear Bill: I see that some news-
papers continue to print articles
telling girls how to make a man
propose. Why not articles advis-
ing the fish how to swim, the birds
how to sing, and the sun how to
shine?
JOHN K.

Now, John, don't be sarcastic.
Each girl, no doubt, has her own
system of bringing a fellow to his
knees with a proposal, but the
duty of a newspaper is to instruct.
It is surely interesting to women
readers to know just how other
women may have worked the game.
That's why love fiction is gobbled
up by the girls.

DID YOU EVER SEE—

A stone step?
A peanut stand?
A ginger snap?
A sardine box?
A sausage roll?
A day mess by?
A hair dye?
A house fly?
A brick walk?
A snake dance?
A nightful?
A mill run?
A rolling pin?
A bed spring?
A bed tick?
A clock run?
A chicken dressing?
An ink stand?
Do ships have eyes when they
go out to sea?
Is a baker broke when he is
making dough?
If a grass widower marry a
grasswidow would their children
be grasshoppers?
What sort of a vegetable is a
policeman's beat?

E. P.

Some men make home happy.
Some men make home blue.
And at the real man,
The popular man,
Is the expert maker of home
brew.
I. M. A. NUTT.

THE MOVING DAY BLUES.

(Or, It's Cheaper to Move Than
Pay the Rent.)

They say two can live as cheaply as
one.
But now I know that old stuff is
bunk:
Since being married I'm kept on the
run,
And now quite often I pack my old
trunk.

It's cheaper to move than to pay the
rent.
And this fact for a long time I have
known.
So when I see the bill which the land-
lord sends
I at once am ready to lose my
happy home.

Once I hit the bricks and came to a
door.
And I thought I had a great big fat
chance.
Gave him a small bill, but he said
"Ennore."
Now you just pay me all in ad-
vance.
HANK HAWKINS.

It's time for a farmer to get
some on moonshining when he
finds his chickens drunk, and
formerly timid old hens so full
of courage that they attack the
family bull dog and run the dog
all over the place. All this hap-
pened in Kentucky.

EASY TO GUESS HIM.

Diffident Young Man—"Um, ah,
er—er. Er! He—he!"
Jeweler (to assistant)—"Henry,
pass me that tray of engagement
rings."

AN EXASPERATED PORTER.

A fidgety old gentleman at a rail-
road station was terribly afraid
that he might lose his baggage,
and during the time he was wait-
ing for his train continually wor-
ried the busy porter, much to the
latter's annoyance.
"Porter, be sure that my trunk
is safe," said the old gent.
"All right, sir," replied the por-
ter, sharply.
A few minutes later, the worry-
ing passenger again approached.
"Porter, don't forget my trunk."
"All right, sir," replied the man,
still more viciously.
Yet a third time within ten min-
utes—"Porter, now be quite sure
my trunk is safe."
"Begorra," roared the thoroughly
exasperated porter, "It's a pity you
wasn't born an elephant, instead
of an ass, then you would always
have your trunk under your nose!"

HARD TIMES

The old contris can stand the jolt
Of watching their stuff feed the
office goat.
But the beginner, it hurts like sin
To get kicked out before he gets in.
O. HOWE WISE.

TRY THIS OLD FORMULA ON A MODERN FLAPPER.

"Miss Gillingham, may I have
the exquisite beatitude of conduct-
ing your entire system over the
space intervening between your
parental domicile and the building
erected for the worship of God Al-
mighty shortly after the diurnal
alumnary swings below the west-
ern horizon?"
The foregoing old style of date-
making, so rich in pedantic phrase-
ology, simply means in popular
parlance of 1922, something like
this: "Susie, would you care to go
to church with me?" F. B. A.

If women just learn how to smoke.
Most men won't care a hoot.
But many men are sure to tremble
if the girls learn how to shoot.
OKLAHOMA PETE.

ACCEPTING HIS PROPOSAL.

A certain fellow proposing to his
girl received the following answer,
says C. W.:

After consideration and much
meditation of the great aspira-
tion you possess in the nation I
have a strong inclination to be-
come your relation, and if my ad-
miration receives your approbation
I will make preparation to remove
my situation to a more convenient
station which will be an aggrandi-
zation beyond all calculation of the
joy and exultation to be yours with-
out hesitation.

MARY MODERATION.

THE FAMILY ALBUM

HERE'S another family group taken absolutely with-
out cause. Look at Uncle Roescoe standing there,
prouder than a fugitive at the head of his profession.
You could tell one of us Riffraffs wherever you saw us, no
matter how big the crowd of creditors was.

Unck was right in the prime of his delinquency then, but
Pop didn't have no more use for him than Jackie Coogan
has for a mustache cup. Pop didn't like those dressed-up
men who wore gloves all the time. Pop said they might be
fashionable, but it looked like they were scared of leaving
their thumbprints near some Bertillon expert.

Finally Pop got an awful ailment. He came down one
morning with his head down on his chest and couldn't
raise it, and his neck was stiffer than a starched pump
handle. Mom ran for the doctor, and he couldn't do any-
thing with it. Then they called in a professor and he
examined Pop's neck and said that breaking it would be
an improvement.

If we had paid the doctor bills, we would have spent

thousands on Pop's neck, which was now bent like a hairpin
at twilight.

They sent Pop to Europe because they said they had doc-
tors there who were experts in the sorrows of the neck.
It didn't get any better. On the opposite, it got worse, and
Pop came home to suffer among folks who would ap-
preciate it.

He was that way thirty years, and science gave him up
as a total blank. Finally Cousin Walter graduated from
the College of Surgical Mayhem and he took a young,
inexperienced look at pop's neck that was bent down, and
what do you think was the matter?

Pop had his celluloid collar buttoned to the top button
on his vest.

Walter amputated the button and pop's neck straightened
out so sudden his head flew back and knocked off the bar
rail.

There isn't much doubt that pop was rather dumb in
spots, but he loved mom. When she used to get mad and

say, "What are you thinking about that you make so
many mistakes?"

Pop said, "You, dearie."

Mom gnashed her bridgework and said, "Don't dearie
me, you big meal moron. I'll knock you so flat you'll be
able to use your shadow for an umbrella."

Pop would run out of the house with every jump adding
to his dignity and every milestone asserting his manhood.

He wasn't very political around the house, although the
Mayor of our town once made him a Deputy Sheriff in the
big Spring fly swatting contest.

He was a great man for joining lodges that wore uniforms
in parades, but was so timid he took out traveler's insurance
before he would go for a ride on the swanboats in the park.
When Brother Gus had a birthday, pop bought him a pen-
knife that looked like it dropped through a hole in Simon
Legree's pocket.

Gus took it, but mostly through habit. He'd take any-
thing once. And you had to watch him close the second

By "BUGS" BAER

time. The blades were all rusted to the chassis. Gus looked
at it and pop said, "That's a great knife."

Gus looked at it in disgust and pop said, "But they say
knives cut friendship. I'll have to give you a penny with it."

Gus said it would be cheaper to buy a new knife.

Pop made a long argument short by hauling off and
giving Gus a back-hander on his chin, and then Pop had to
blaze a new trail through the parlor wall because Gus was
right in back trying to give him the gift back.

Pop stepped out fast to where the road branched off into
six more roads. But Gus was so close that Pop figured that
even the wrong road was the right one, and he didn't stop
for directions.

Gus went back home, but Pop ain't been seen since, al-
though Mom keeps a meal burning in the front window
every night. If anything will bring him home, that will.

Well, good-by, and if you hear my bad news, send us a
funny postcard.

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THE BLOW-OUT AND THE REPAIR DEPARTMENT

ONE morning a court came to
order so that those who
had been poor Pickers could
call all Bets off and declare a New
Book.

This Tribunal was one which had
been more or less criticized in the
Uplift Magazines but, believe you
us, it had proved to be a great Con-
venience for those who had found
themselves in Dutch.

The Court had listened to many
Tales of Woe and had come to the
Conclusion that there is only one
Fate more horrible than that of
tearing away from the Partner that
you have sworn to Love, Honor
and put up with and that is, to be
shackled to a Helpmate whose
lurking Ambition it is to change
your Address to the Cemetery by
some clever and concealed Scheme
which never will be suspected by a
Coroner's Jury.

He had to pump a lot of Opti-
mism to escape the Conviction that
every Wife was a Ball-and-Chain
and every Hubbie was a Bluebeard.
Matrimonial Life, as nearly as he
could gather, consisted largely of
Marathons around the Dining
Room Table and getting crowned
with a Waffle Iron.

He had considered the Welfare
of the Children from several Angles
and decided that it was better to
divide up the Offspring than to
have them camping on a blood-
soaked Hattie-Fried.

She looked like a couple of
Movie Actresses who had been
rolled into One and then dipped in
Flour. This Dame de Luxe was
accompanied by an Attorney who
looked as if he needed whatever
he might get out of the Case.

Before seating herself where she
could get a fair Shot at His Honor,
she bestowed a Dirty Look on a
certain Lizard wearing a Blue Tie
who was already in the Picture.
This Reptile was the Defendant in
the Case and he looked as if the
Electric Chair would be letting
him off easy.

BROTHER ROSCOE THE TENOR.

When the Lady had a chance to
unload her Grief she told the
World that she had played out her
String with the other half of the
Sketch. They had got along to-
gether like a couple of Rocky
Mountain Lions. All she asked
was a public Vindication, four-
fifths of his Income and, after that,
a period of Rest at some quiet
Spot, such as Atlantic City.

The Modern Solomon on the
Perch showed some interest in the
Tragedy as revealed and made
certain Inquiries to find out if
the Wretch with the Blue Neck-
wear had any Human Traits what-
soever.

Lady Macbeth admitted that he
was a good Provider, had stood for
the Bills and acquired just enough
Bad Habits to make him Real.

"Then why this beating against
the bars?" asked the Court.
"Why are you shrieking for your
Maiden Name?"

"Because," was the Reply, "this
Bird has put me on the Hummer
by his cold and calculating Brutal-
ity. He has worked on me until

I am only 18 inches ahead of a
Brain Storm. All I want, in addi-
tion to all of his Bank Roll, is the
Privilege of looking in any Direc-
tion, at any time, without seeing
that Fiend in Human Form."

"Did he soak you with some
blunt Instrument?" asked the
Court.

"No, it was worse than that,"
said she. "I will spill the Works,
so that you may gauge the depths
of his Diabolical Cruelty. You
see, I have a brother Roscoe, who
sings Tenor in an Amateur Musi-
cal Club. He is quite good, having
appeared in two Cantatas put on
for the benefit of the Church. Also,
he won the Chess Championship of
Putnam County last year. In or-
der to protect his Voice, Roscoe is
compelled to wear Goloshes in the
winter and also eat Eucalyptus
joo-jooes. He is handsome, in a
Spanish sort of way, and on ac-
count of the Permanent Wave in
his Hair, is much sought after,
socially. Well, sir, would you be-
lieve it; every time I mention
Brother Ros, my Husband smiles
in the most provoking Manner."

"This is Terrible," said the
Court, shuddering perceptibly.
"Did your Brother ever borrow
Money of the Reprobate now try-
ing to hide under the Table?"

SHE MUFFED THE GAG.

"Only when he needed it," she
replied. "Ever since I took on this
Meal Ticket, Roscoe has treated
him almost as an equal and yet,
every time I start to voice our
Family Pride in the achievements
of my talented Brother, this un-
speakable Person smiles and keeps
on smiling. It is maddening."



"Modern Solomon."

"It must be," said the sympa-
thetic Judge.
The Party of the Second Part
now came to the Home Plate and

began a heart-breaking Recital,
quietly and with artistic Modula-
tion.
He identified the Bird of Par-

adise as a modern Lucrezia Bor-
gia, having all of the insidious
Wiles of a Baby Vamp combined
with the relentless impact of a Mo-
tor Truck.

When asked to specify her im-
perfections he stalled. He ad-
mitted that she took good care of
the Flat and was a foxy Buyer
and was always there with the
Make-Up, even when they were
not expecting Company.

The Clouds first began to
gather when he discovered that
she was shy a Sense of Humor.
He would come home with a
snappy Anecdote that he had
picked up in the Card Room at
the Club. As soon as he started
to pull the Nifty, she would listen
attentively enough but always she
would put her Head over on one
side, like a Bird, and then she
would close one Eye.

He didn't mind it so much the
first Thousand times or so but
now it had worked on his Sensi-
bilities until he was almost Goofy.
"Did you ever ask her to stop
it," asked the Court.
"The pernicious Habit had
caused me so much Pain that I
could not bring myself to the point
of discussing it with her. It al-
ways seemed to me that a sim-
pler Method would be to bean her
with a Niblick."

"Except for this inhuman per-
sistence in cocking the Head and
closing one Eye, the Little Lady
is not so Bad, is she?"
"Aces and eights! But I don't
think you should ask me to mail
Alimony Checks to one who has
been systematically working for
four years to undermine my Reason."
"Coming back to these peppy

Riddles, Wheezes and Gags that
you carried home to Birdie—did
you ever slip her the one about
two Irishmen named Mike and
Pat?"

"That is one of my best—a
Whiz."
"How about the one involving
a conversation with the Porter in
the Sleeping Car?"

"That's one in a Darb! She
didn't get the Point but I always
regarded it as a Cat; in fact, one
of the best things in my Repert-
oire."

"Have you ever specialized on
quips and conundrums which re-
late to a well-known make of
Motor Car?"

"That's where I bat a Thou-
sand! I've got some Petodies
that even you, as a Man about
Town, never heard."

"It is not the intention to
have them introduced as Evi-
dence," said the Court. "This
Case is already saturated with
Horror. However, I think we
have got down to the subplots
and discovered the real causes
of the Earthquake. In order to
save a Home from destruction,
it is now the order of this Court
that you shall never work off
another New One on this poor
Woman. When we pause to con-
sider that she could have step-
ped into any Drug Store at any
time and purchased a box of
Rough on Rats, surely you will
admit that you are most for-
tunate to be among us today.
The Pat and Mike Stuff is out!
Otherwise she can come in here
any day and cash on her Lib-
erty Bond and put the Bee on
you for the rest of your Life.
Furthermore, I enjoin the Blondes

from ever letting the name of
Brother Roscoe pass her lips again.
He has gone from the Picture. If
she ever starts another Panegyric
on the Thrush with the Goloshes
and the Permanent Wave you
come here and I will liberate you,
and this Woman will be left to
starve in the Streets. As it is
now ten thirty, and I have work-
ed for nearly forty minutes,
Court will adjourn until next
Wednesday."

So they went back to the Apart-
ment and everything was Ipseka-
larious.

MORAL: The Serpent is help-
less unless he can find an Apple to
work with.

Water Freak Puzzles

BUFFALO, Sept. 24.

ZOOLOGISTS are trying to clas-
sify a peculiar form of animal
life found by Edward Briggs in the
Niagara River at Niagara Falls.
This freak is twelve inches long.
The forepart of the body resem-
bles a lizard, while the hindpart
looks like a fish. The creature is
of a spotted skin and no scales.

Lowly Spuds Cut Cost of Living in England

LONDON, Sept. 23.

THE index figure for the cost
of living in the month of July,
announced by the labor ministry,
is 81 above the pre-war level, a
drop of 3 points from that of June.
The reduction is ascribed to the
heavy drop in the price of pota-
toes. Employment has shown a
slight improvement.